

tw

In [illeg] hills sad shady fields who never see the
glitter or shine illeg of stars or sun, re-echo sadly to
the sound of my mournful words, whist with gloomy
accent I sigh with you my lost well-being; and you for
pity of my suffering . . . weep at my mourning O
shades of the Infernal regions. Alas, alas I mourn the
(sun) light of my eyes Who met her death at dawn.

I, who ~~it~~ ^{leg} on high with sighs & moans, a face of grief
or threat [?] make the faces of the crowded audience
in the ~~theatre~~ theatre grown pale with pity; not the
shed of blood of innocence, not the spent eye of the
mad tyrant, a spectacle sad for human
contemplation, do I sing in gloomy tearful scenes.